Each ſmall annexment, petie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grownе.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Roſ. VVe will haſt vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe
To here the proſſeſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'le tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
Tis meet that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*
King. Thanks deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerues mercie
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is paſt, but oh! what forme of praier
Can ſerue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther:
That cannot be ſince I am ſtil poſſeſt
Of thoſe affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

1 petty 3 grone 4 viage 6 too
11 heare the proceſſe 14 forestall 15 farre
25 beginne 34 fault penult effects

May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees and heart with ſtrings of ſteele
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuenged, that would be ſcand
A villaine kils my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, do this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.——not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't.

1 pardond 3 guilded 14 Angels 15
21 reuendge 27 braod 32 seaſond